

The Tragedie.

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should post before.

King. My minde is changd sir, my minde is changd,
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.

King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:

Why doost thou runne so many mile about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,

Once more what newes?

Dar. Richmond is on the seas.

King. There let him snake, and be the seas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?

Dar. I know not mighty soueraigne but by guesse.

King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.

Da. Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham and Elie.
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.

King. Is the Chayre emptie? is the sword vnswaid?

Is the king dead? the Empire vnposselt?

What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?

And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?

Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.

King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King. Where is thy power then to beate him backe?

Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the Western shore,

Safe conducting the rebels from their shippes.

Dar. No my good Lord, my friendr are in the North.

King. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they should serue, their soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They haue not bin commanded mightie soueraigne
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
He muster vp my friends and meete your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please.

King. I, I, thou wouldst be gone to ioine with Richmond,
I will nor trust you Sir.

Dar. most mightie soueraigne,

of Richard the third.

You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
Ineuer was nor neuer will be false.

Kim. Well, go muster men: but heare you, leaue behinde
Your sonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit Dar.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Gracious soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many mo confiderates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

He striketh him.

King. Out on you owles, nothing but songes of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.

Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himsele fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratchiffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?

Mes. Such proclomatio hath bin made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittain Nauie is disperst, Richmond in Dorshire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittain.